

RESTORATION

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Woman of Seventy Receives And Gives Great Thrill At Mary Hour In Hollywood

By Margaret R. Winters

Restoration takes pride and pleasure in publishing this story of Margaret Winters, who says she is "just a 70 year old working woman out of a job since December because people will not hire anyone over 45." We have discovered a fine reporter.

The Editors of Restoration have seen little about any Mary Hour in the recent Catholic newspapers and magazines. They regard this story as news, therefore—and as a triumph in "picture writing."

The Mary Hour in Los Angeles was held at the Hollywood Bowl, and if you have been there, you know about the hill that must be climbed to get into the Bowl proper.

Well, I left Pasadena at 12.40 on the Hollywood bus and rode to Highland Ave. in Hollywood, to transfer to a valley car which would take me to the street entrance of the Bowl.

All of southern California apparently had the same bright idea, because there was a mob of hundreds waiting for the car when I got there; and the cars, when they did come, were loaded to the gunwales with the smarter people who went to Los Angeles and got on there.

For forty-five minutes I fought for a toe hold on a car. I also tried to get a taxi, but the driver just pointed at Highland Avenue and said "in that traffic?" So I went back to the safety zone, and after a long time, got one foot on the car step which was all I needed. Somehow the rest of me followed, and we "inched" our way in nerve-racking jerks, up to the Bowl.

And Then —?

By that time the Hour was half over, and not a chance of getting in! But I did get to the top of the hill leading to the Bowl, and not far from the shell where the altar and statue of Our Lady of Fatima were, and though nothing could be seen IN the shell, we outside the fence could hear clearly, so we were able to follow the Rosary and Benediction easily.

The only sound we could hear was the thousands of voices answering the Rosary prayers—voices coming from the Bowl and from the great mass of people below me on the hill. We could look across the Bowl to the higher tiers of seats, and though it was too far to see that people were seated there, the massed color of hats, scarfs and dresses looked like a huge brilliant flower garden, al-

most an unbelievable sight.

These were some of my impressions as I stood there—Pedro de Cordoba's deep voice intoning the prayers—a middle-aged man in front of me, alone, with eyes brimming with tears, lips and chin quivering so he could hardly say the "Holy Marys"—I wondered what memories were being evoked—a gentle looking priest standing below me on the hill, quietly answering the prayers with me... a voice back of me adding—"For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory"—a non-Catholic joining in our prayers to Mary—I was thrilled!

The thirty thousand voices saying, "HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US SINNERS"—and singing the O SALUTARIS and the TANTUM ERGO—the ringing out of the "HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME"—also the memory of the hundreds who could not get on the cars and toiled up the hill for seven blocks from Hollywood Blvd. to the Bowl, among them a rather stout and very perspiring priest.



More Impressions

The crowds who surged around the statue of Our Lady after Benediction—the worried Fathers begging the crowd to get off the stage and not tip the statue over—the long, long wait before we could get on a car to go home—arriving at 7.30 p.m. in Pasadena, starved (no meal since breakfast)—tired, and so very happy that I was there! I hope I've made you see it, though of course I probably haven't. But please say a "Hail Mary" that every city in the U.S.A. will have a Mary Hour—it was breath taking (literally, before one reached the top of the hill) and unforgettable!

She has certainly made the Editors of Restoration see what she saw. And that is the essence of journalism!

On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

The mill never grinds with the water—that has passed over the wheel. It is profitable however, to take stock of the wheel and compare its present action with past performance. Adjustments may be necessary.

It is a long time since the first Great War, but those who are old enough have a vivid recollection of the "squeeze," that was placed upon the purse of the common people. The high prices of today are heavy kicks, placed twice in the same sore spot.

During World War I people paid \$9 for a bag of spuds, \$90 for a suit of clothes that faded in a month, 75c to a dollar for a dozen of eggs, and the price of calico was that of finest velvet. As a result townspeople were nearly always in a state of collapse, whereas farmers were in high glee at the fabulous prices they were receiving for their products. Were these any better off financially, on Armistice Day?

Posies and Pails

The farmer felt just like one who had been through a prolonged opium party, during which he dreamed that he was a millionaire. Cars, machinery of all kinds, cluttered up the farmyard... and nobody around could operate them... Sons who did not go to war had too strong a taste of city sweetmeats in their mouths to return to the pork and pickle victuals of the silent countryside. The girls—Why they had been too long balancing a bunch of posies in the night life of the urban centres, to ever think of lugging a milk pail again. The farm presented a sorry picture.

The hens were now anemic from overwork with the "sure-fire" laying lights that tricked them into thinking it was perpetual day. Cows, once contented, had nervous breakdowns, from power milkers and the "jazz" music of the family orthophonic. All the poor things could do was dream of pastures in the sky and the old-time milky way.

The old grey mare no longer hauled water from the creek. She had been given a shot of "The New Look" (only they did not call it that in those days) and sold to the army. She died when she landed at the training field.

You couldn't find a sinker for a fishing line, because every old nut, bolt, and piece of scrap iron had been sold to the enemy before the war to make bullets to kill our own sons.

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Our Catholic Students May Become Saints And Heroes Editor of "Today" Believes

By James O'Gara

When I was in grammar school, I had a nun whose duty it was to teach us about our guardian angels. To make the angels real to us she employed a special technique.

"Sit all the way over on the left hand side of your seat," she would say, "and leave room for your guardian angel to sit on your right." This position, she explained, not only had the advantage

A person whose religious outlook is immature will have ideas about religion and the things of religion that are still largely those of a child. When this person has mature, well-balanced views on most other subjects, you have a potentially dangerous situation. Such a person is likely, consciously or unconsciously, to classify religion as something for children. He may keep his faith, but it is likely to be a faith at war with his other ideas, because his religious education has not kept pace.

The existence of religious immaturity is not too difficult to understand when we are discussing an older generation. For many of our parents, formal education ceased at the grammar school level. We can readily understand the situation if there existed among many of them rather narrow concepts of the Church and the place of the Church.

Comes a New Day

Today the situation is radically different. Our schools dot the country side, and priests, brothers, and sisters in increasing numbers devote themselves to the cause of Catholic education. Concerning this education Pope Pius XI pointed out that the proper and immediate end of Christian education is to cooperate with divine grace in forming the perfect Christian.

It is possibly fine to turn out a good accountant from a Catholic college or university, but to turn out an accountant who believes that morality has nothing to say to the world of finance is to have failed in the task of Christian education. In the formation of other Christs who will help to Christianize society is found the chief task of the Catholic school.

To this task the editor of a Catholic student magazine necessarily lends his efforts and the influence of his magazine. One of his most important tasks will be helping to develop religious concepts mature enough and broad enough to enable the student to see a vision that embraces at once the highly personal and the social implications of the Church.

I am able to speak from experience on some of the problems that arise in such attempts. With John Cogley I edit TODAY, Catholic Student Magazine, which has recently rounded out two years of publication. During this time our circulation has slowly and sometimes painfully climbed until

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THE SOWER



of making room for our guardian angels but also did not leave any room for the devil who naturally would sit on our left.

Certainly if memory is the standard to be applied, that nun's teaching was effective. This incident took place a good many years ago, but the scene is still fresh in my mind, and I doubt that I will ever forget it.

"Inadequate" would be the most charitable term to apply to my knowledge of teaching methods for grade school children. It would be more accurate to say that I know absolutely nothing about the subject. For all I know to the contrary this may have been a wonderful technique which is still in use and highly commended by all authorities.

The Boy Grows Up

One thing I do know for certain, however. If my religious education had stopped at that grammar school level, I would have gone through life with woefully inadequate and childish ideas about angels. I don't think anyone would argue with that. If you expand the example to include a wide range of religious dogma and practice, you can readily see the dangers of immaturity in religious concepts.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL . . . FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY. What an awesome and consoling sentence of Christ.

Awesome because of the unuttered yet clearly present implication of what will happen IF WE ARE NOT MERCIFUL. We shall have then to face the full JUSTICE OF GOD . . . untempered by His mercy. We shall obtain no mercy . . . and the pits of Hell will be our eternal home.

The other day I was reading a little book big with ideas and truths. Its title, A CHRISTIAN IN REVOLT. Its sub-title, The Confession of a Catholic Priest. The name of its author, Rev. J. F. Prince (pub. Bruce). So taken up with it was I, that I made it my manual of daily meditations for a while.

One quotation from the Holy Father in it, has haunted me ever since I re-read it . . . "Even more severely (than revolution) must be condemned the foolhardiness of those who neglect to remove THE CONDITIONS WHICH EXASPERATE THE MIND OF THE PEOPLE."

Foremost amongst these "conditions" are selfishness and greed . . . both deadly enemies of Love and Mercy. Both poisonous flowers of injustice, that kill the gentle growth of mercy like weeds strangling a garden.

How eternally new, eternally right, are the words of Christ. This the FIFTH BEATITUDE is OURS . . . or should be. Ours of this twentieth, crazy, atomic, century. When men calmly discuss utter destruction of their fellow beings while others shake their fists against an "empty" heaven. There seems to be no rhyme nor reason to it all . . . And yet there is. For all this is the spawn of the mightiest mind next to God's—the mind of Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, who delights in chaos, in darkening men's minds, until they lose all sense of direction.

Yet the sign-posts of Christ are clearly marked on the road of life . . . BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL . . . FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY. What is clearer, simpler than that? Let us stop for a moment . . . forget the mad pursuit of a security that is not to be found on earth . . . forget the driving urge for perishable goods . . . forget, above all, OURSELVES . . . Let us begin to think of God . . . and of the quality of Mercy that will bring us face to face with Him tomorrow and give peace to our hectic to-days.

Having meditated prayerfully on this beatitude . . . let us make it our own . . . in our daily living . . . Remembering that mercy extends far and wide into the social fabric of our lives and that of our brothers in Christ. Let us start now being merciful . . . and then rest in peace. His peace that no one can take away. IF WE DO . . . WE SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.

*A contrite
and humble heart,
Lord,
Thou wilt not despise*

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The goodness of people astounds me more than does the goodness of God! And I am overwhelmed with the realization that their goodness is poured out on me, who have nothing wherewith to repay it.

Letters still pour in on me from all parts of North America. Children write, and nuns, old men and women, workmen, girls in their teens, teachers, stenographers, mothers of big families, invalids, busy people who have time enough to write words of cheer to a shut-in. And there are so many letters I couldn't answer them. At present it is difficult for me to write. My right arm wears half way down a page.

The point is I am not a shut-in, and do not deserve all these affectionate letters and "get-well" cards.

True, I lie here on a cot by the window overlooking the river, and spend many days here. Yet there are times when I may go out onto the lawn and lie in the sun, and look closely at the birds and the trees and the flowers and the water—when I can revel in all the beauties God has given the world.

Yesterday, for instance, my portable chaise longue was placed in a grove of pines

one bird, black with a blue head, who sings like the creaking of a gate, but all the others pour out exquisite melody.

There were two little pin tail ducks I used to see every morning together on the river. They seemed to float along the stream, to glide upon the surface. But every now and then they would tip themselves upside down—with a great showing of white ruffled petticoats—and eat a fish or two.

One day I saw the female suddenly rise into the air and fly away in alarm. She skimmed so low above the stream her feet trailed in the water for many rods. Then she gained a little altitude and disappeared. Her mate continued swimming—a handsome fellow, his white bosom toward me, his top-knotted head alert for all dangers to the right and to the left. Then suddenly he vanished. I don't remember that he tipped over, in his usual fish-hunting fashion. He may have. I don't remember. He just went under water somehow. And he didn't come up. I watched the river for an hour. He didn't re-appear. And so I jumped to the conclusion that one of the big

THE FAMILY FRONT



in the most aromatic spot on earth. There was a cluster of wild hyacinths shooting up through the carpet of pine needles, flowers of such a lovely blue my heart beat fast. (Oh my infarcted heart—how wonderful to be alive!)

I looked up through the green lace to see the white clouds in the soft blue sky. I looked at the dusty road and the great trees that border it. And I looked at the litter of pine cones all around me.

Not the most artful wood carver who ever lived could make such beauty as I saw in those cones, so liberally made by God.

While I lay there a black bird flew onto a branch of a nearby cedar. He seemed blacker than a crow. And his feathers shone like satin. But, as he flew toward, and above me, I saw, to my unfathomable delight that his under wings were red. If I never see that shade of red again I shall still remember it until I die.

The birds used to fly in pairs—but I suppose that was only in their courtship and honeymoon days. Now they go singly here and there, or in large groups. And they sing all day. I have accused Catherine of getting up early every morning to turn them on. But perhaps I am unjust to her. There is

pikes had caught him.

What a tragedy for the widow duck, the little spring bride! And yet, was it a tragedy at all?

Let's look at it from the fish's viewpoint. He has been complaining of the dearth of food this spring. His wife and family have to do without—because a couple of ducks have been stealing all the little fish.

Now imagine Mr. Pike swimming to the nearest underwater telephone and giving the wife a buzz. "Honey," he says, "we don't have to eat out tonight. Get the kids home from school for a duck dinner. Papa's bringing home the duck."

Thus what seemed tragedy turns out to be a triumph!

So it has been with this infarcted heart. It is not at all a tragedy. Since it has brought me so many new friends, it is indeed a triumph.

This is being written on May 18th, which marks our first anniversary as the Canadian province of Friendship House. Catherine and I arrived here last year on that date, with various ideas of what we should do. "The indispensable Flewy"—Miss Grace Flewellington—came a few days later. Flewy, the oldest staff worker of friendship House—in point of service—started her apostolate

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The B's Corner

I was thinking the other day, while planting sweet pungent herbs in our garden—some day I am going to write an article on herbs—how we should be like them before the Lord.

First, most of them are little . . . and Christ loves "little ways." Then all of them are so fragrant, as we should be before men and God, with the fragrance of Caritas-Love. Then they are so useful, and in so many ways. They season the food we eat. Shouldn't we season the world with the seasoning of Truth? They cure so many ills, for many of them are medicinal too, just as we should be, curing, nursing—making whole again the many wounds of the Mystical Body of Christ. Lastly they make such glorious vivid dyes, which when used on rugs (home-made ones) and clothing, bring a charm that cannot be duplicated by the commercial stuff that is sought so eagerly by color-conscious humanity at too high a price. So should Christians impart color to life.

In these our strange days, when mankind almost in frenzy seeks happiness in fleeting passing images that run like shadows on a screen

. . . or in ephemeral, disappearing things . . . how wonderful it would be to impart color to their colorless lives! Take for instance the green of hope. To give hope to a human being is to make him whole again. For a hopeless person is a dead person. We could bring such back to life . . . if only we tried. Or yellow, jonquil yellow . . . the color of spring and life . . . the Papal color. We could give that too to those who live only in this world . . . the materialist . . . the Communist. Blue . . . the blue of gentian violets . . . the blue of a corn flower . . . the blue of our Lady's Mantle . . . To bring the world back through Her to Her Son . . . what a vocation!

Yes, indeed, I was thinking how much we could learn from the humble sweet herbs, as I was planting them in our garden. But to be colorful, warm, charitable, one has to have, like plants, THE RIGHT SOIL. And in our rushing busy days we have all but forgotten how to make up such soil . . . in which the fragrance of our own souls would expand, thrive, and grow. And yet it is so simple. The rules, un-failing ones, have been painstakingly laid down by generations of Christians through almost two thousand years of Christianity. They are such simple rules too. Easy for all to follow. The busy mother, the office or factory girl, the carpenter and the toolmaker . . . even the adolescent at school . . . all can partake of them, and be better, happier, closer to God in doing so.

Take Mass. Daily Mass. Rarely is it TRULY impossible to attend it. Yet when one does attend . . . oh the difference it makes! Like the blessing that it is, it lifts us up even unto God Himself . . . it starts the day in a halo of such glory that, could we see it, it would almost blind us, as it does the angels. It makes the dulllest day bright . . . gives strength to meet all burdens, heat, and temptations. Words fail before its glory. If one really

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The best of us are mistaken sometime. I was, when recently I wrote MY DAY . . . I thought surely I was a busy lady . . . but I had not even begun to be busy. With the advent of real warm weather I have started really to probe the depths of work. For what with the first colony of bees arriving, the pig sty finished and made ready for its future boarder, the vegetable garden plowed and harrowed and ready for planting, and all the flower beds made . . . WORK really began catching up with me.

The last three weeks I spent outdoors. By now Eddie, who directs the operations from his chaise lounge and tells me which plant to plant, how many feet from its mate, etc., and I have become walking botanical encyclopedias. Yet it is fun. The radishes are up . . . so are the peas. The strawberry patch is weeded. Good penance for the soul . . . but oh my knees.

All the flowers are safe in their earthy beds. The apple trees are budding. The berry bushes are emerald green. The lilacs threaten to bloom any minute now, and the rhubarb slyly shows its red limbs. Life is full and good.

But St. Joseph must be busy. I guess with the good nuns who have literally kidnapped him for their own. For he has, so far, turned a very deaf ear to my frantic plea for THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS. And that woodshed. And ice house. And cottage for new workers. All that is still a dream . . . which at times turns to a nightmare . . . as I see all the good food spoiling from the heat . . . and myself, half-frozen, battling with logs that have gone into an unbreakable clinch with the thermometer registering 40 below. Surely St. Joseph must hear me soon or later . . . nuns or no nuns. THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS ARE NOTHING TO HIM . . . Hello . . . Hello. Combermere calling St. Joseph . . . calling St. Joseph.

Eddie is so much better . . . God be thanked . . . and all our good friends for their Masses and prayers. A very special thank you goes to Tom Kane of Novena Notes for his write-up of Eddie and RESTORATION (our new Canadian publication, subscription one dollar . . . dear readers . . . why not get us a new subscriber?) Eddie was so cheered up by the friendly avalanche of letters and subscriptions that I too want to thank everyone, and all who wrote. I also want to thank Norine Foley of the Chicago Daily News for her plug . . . that helped to swell the ranks of our friends.

Did I tell you that here in Madonna House we collect statues of our Lady? If you have one to spare . . . please send it along. A statue of St.

Joseph would be wonderful too . . . also one of St. Francis, with or without birds, about 3-4 feet high for an outdoor shrine amidst age old pines. Maybe some of my brothers and sisters in St. Francis could spare one from their convents or monasteries.

Speaking of needs . . . (I always speak of them . . . for



aren't we beggars of the Lord even as the Poverello was?) . . . second hand clothing is so much needed. The hangers in the clothing room are empty . . . (and have you ever seen anything more disconsolate than an empty hanger?)

Books, Catholic ones for adults' and children's libraries, are still welcome. As is bedding, especially pillow cases. We wouldn't refuse staples . . . nor groceries. Coffee or tea would be so nice . . . or both . . . Canadian postage stamps . . . pencils . . . writing paper . . . office supplies.

We have started a Catholic women's club. It is called the Sacred Heart Women's Guild. Its job is to help our good Pastor with his yearly bazaar. The president, is Mrs. Joseph Perrier, the vice president, Mrs. Edward Marquardt, and the secretary-treasurer is our own Flewy, (Miss G. Flewwelling). If you have gifts that would do for a church bazaar as prizes . . . remember us.

Thank you one and all for your generous response to our First Communion needs. The children will pray for the donors on their great day.

Yes, I am busy with more work to do than I ever dreamt there was in this world. But I am happy too . . . for it all goes together . . . and is all for the service of the Lord. And that is a joy all in itself. However, we could use a young female Staff Worker . . . especially one familiar with office work. It snows us under. Wonder who is the patron saint I should ask for one. Do you know?

OUR CATHOLIC STUDENTS

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we are now able to call ourselves a national magazine. TODAY is aimed primarily at students, even though we do have many readers long since out of school.

A Real Magazine

To understand some of the problems that faced us, you must first get some idea of the kind of reader we have in the schools. Any magazine aimed principally at

senior high school, college and university students, as TODAY is, will have an alert reading group, quick to resent any notion of playing-down or phoniness in its pages.

This reader group is easy to underestimate, I think. It has been done and it is being done. I don't think it should be done.

When we first started to publish TODAY, many people (all adults) assured us that students would not

be interested in the kind of approach we planned. Students, they said, were interested chiefly in things like dances, shows and social affairs. They were good kids, these people said, but they would not be consistently interested in such serious stuff as we had in mind.

We were not convinced, perhaps because we had not the slightest interest in or intention of publishing a magazine which followed any stereotyped formula of slang, cokes and patter. We think the results of two years of publication have proved that students in the Catholic schools have a wider range of interests than most people would previously have believed.

A Wise Priest

So well has this fact now been recognized that the other day we received an article, forwarded to us by the priest-editor of a popular family magazine. It was a good article, but the priest was afraid that it was too rich for his general readers and sent it to us instead. Only if you had been assured as often as we had that Catholic students were not interested in serious matters would this have seemed like a great personal triumph.

We had other problems on TODAY which were much like those of any Catholic editor. It is inevitable that we are all greatly influenced by our environment. Since in 20th century America this environment is a highly secularized one, an all-out offensive seemed to be in order against a scale of values far from Catholic.

This could not be called an easy task. It is one that has to be fought on many fronts at once. All the weapons of high-pressure selling are turned on us with full force. Luxury advertising is everywhere, and its standard of values purely material. All the forces of Hollywood and Broadway work to produce a conscious or unconscious "this-worldiness" which must be countered if anything constructive is to be done.

Of Sacred Cows

There were, as we saw it, two ways of handling these things. One way was to be sober-faced and deliver ourselves of long weighty articles excoriating the evils of the day. The other way was to poke fun at some of the sacred cows of modern living. This latter technique seemed more suited to us temperamentally and more likely to have readers, so we often used it.

Until our readers began to see what we were driving at, these articles produced on a small scale much the same reader-response you would expect to an article by Earl Browder in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. This response was probably not so much because of what we said as the way we said it.

The cult of movie stars, the phony standards of Hollywood, the lures and wiles of luxury living as portrayed in slick magazine ads, all these were seemingly sacred subjects. It might be alright to condemn them, but to jest about them and to refuse to take them very seriously was in some circles a minor form of sacrilege.

We have of course discussed some of the problems in Catholic education. There do exist certain anomalies in Catholic schools, and these must be recognized. For instance, there are still some

schools which in their religion courses teach the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, and at the same time refuse to admit Negro Catholic students. So far as we are concerned, the two positions can not be reconciled, and we have hammered consistently on the subject of racism.

Hitlers and Hem-lines

We came to TODAY with the conviction that Hitler was very wise when he said that he would leave the Church alone if only she would stay out of politics. If staying out of politics meant having little or no effective voice in the world of economics or politics or international morality, Hitler was quite safe in making the offer. The Church so limited would operate in a vacuum and afford little threat to the Hitlers of this world, whether large or small.

There were and are many people who think the Church has the right to speak with authority only on such things as hem-lines and neck-lines. As soon as you try to apply Catholic principles to something more than the morality of the latest Hollywood offering, they unconsciously echo Hitler's cry that the Church should stay out of politics.

These people try to split life up into idea-tight compartments. Whether or not they intend it, their protests would mean the complete separation of religion from the rest of life. They would have religion in one compartment, politics in another, economics in still another, each with its own set of rules and each completely divorced from the others.

The hierarchy of the United States recently warned of the grave dangers of this separation of religion



from life, branding it as secularism. For us, as for any Catholic editors—or, for that matter, for any Catholic—secularism is the big problem to be faced. It is insidious, and its roots are deep in contemporary society.

Specific Problems

We have therefore always tried, not merely to state

Catholic principles, but also to apply them to specific problems of the day. We thought that almost everybody would vote for brotherhood, for instance, but we expected a battle when we attacked specific things like restrictive covenants. The theory has long been that you could state Catholic principles from now till doomsday and find not a disagreement in a car-load until you started to apply them to specific problems. Then, according to the theory, the storm should begin.

After two years of publication, however, we are able to say that it just didn't work out that way. We have had articles hammering away at racism in specific situations, we have had articles on unions, on the possibilities in federal health insurance, on housing, on admitting DP's to the country, on slum conditions—on these and a multitude of issues which are labeled controversial.

Almost always we got a fair hearing. Almost always we did not receive any flood of protests from students who wanted to keep their principles in the abstract. Almost always our articles on such issues have been discussed and weighed seriously in class rooms around the country. The expected storms largely failed to materialize.

We don't think this means that secularism is not the threat it's cracked up to be. It is, certainly. But we do think that the best way to combat secularism is constantly to apply Catholic principles to all kinds of specific, everyday problems. Only then can these walls which now exist between departments of life be broken down.

One Great Advantage

We have one definite advantage on TODAY in the fight against secularism. The young people now in the Catholic high schools and colleges are at what should be the most exciting period in their lives. They are not too old and set in their ways to rise to a challenge, if a challenge is presented to them instead of a great many platitudes stated over and over again in loud tones.

To break down secularism, religion must be made to come alive. The dynamic of the Church must be allowed expression. Religion can be brought to life for students only if we stop watering it down because we think they are not strong enough. They are stronger and ready for much more than most of us realize.

Mediocrity is not enough for them. Young people are particularly conscious of double-talk, and "eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too" compromises don't work well with them. They will rise to the challenge of heroism. If the rest of us can supply our measure of heroism, theirs will surprise us. America might then see great Catholic statesmen, great Catholic writers, great Catholic artists. Most important of all, this generation might produce great Catholics and great saints for the Church in America. There is urgent need for them.

Where Are Unions Going?

The writer of this article did not sign it. But we are printing it just the same, because we find it timely and interesting—and quite a tribute to Adé Bethune, whose illustrations we use in Restoration.

Where are the Unions going? What do the Unions want? I've never heard the necessary answer to these questions in any Union hall. No! But they have taken a decisive step toward the proper direction in our coming elections.

I have been a Union man for many years, assisted on all sorts of Committees and been a delegate to many conventions. I have acted on New contract committees, Legislative committees, By-law committees, etc. I have been a steward and am an officer of a local, but must admit, that the answer to this question is far from our way of life.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page One)

When the bugles sounded the "cease fire," did our farmers have a lot of money? They did not. They had high taxes to pay, additions to the farm to liquidate and a hundred different obligations to meet. But alas! They had killed the goose that used to lay the golden eggs. They thought that they were filling their own pockets, but it turned out to be the purse of the profiteer.

And Now Again

It has all happened again. The shade may have changed a bit but there is no essential difference in the tricks. The gullible common man has again been de-feathered, and his institutions are now tottering on the brink of chaos. It could have been prevented by learning a lesson from the first debacle.

If the consumer and the producer were in accord, both guided by true Christian principles, many wrongs could be righted. Price levels, for example, could be kept within honest bounds, not by Government prescription, but by the free will of the people.

If the people had banded themselves together in Christian Co-operatives, those who produce would get their just share of their own creation, while the consumer would be able to meet a just price. Most of the people (and not just a few gluttons) would be in business through their co-operative societies. A proper balance would be maintained in prices and economic conditions.

A credit union study group and savings bank opens the way to economic emancipation both for city and country people.

Enter the Woman

We don't have to search far for this reply. Strange to say, the April issue of Restoration asked the question and the April issue of Restoration answered it. The secret wasn't revealed by a learned Union man, nor a great philosopher or historian. No! A gentle woman made the reply. A woman whose hands make quaint portrayals of Biblical characters—a professional worker—but a worker at that. The goal of the working man is a society of owners—many little businessmen protected by a stabilized economy which will make it possible to exchange the wealth they produce for their other needs, through a medium of exchange (money system) which will guarantee them a fair return for the products of their toil. In that April issue, you will find this answer innocently depicted in the artistic drawing of Adé Bethune. That picture portrayed Christ in His own little workshop. Those are the products fashioned by His tools, and the profit from His hands, with His tools, in His own little workshop is His.

Never was this more thoroughly guaranteed than when Christ's IDEALS governed the policies—economically and politically of our early civilization—the True Middle Ages from 1030 to 1300 with its Catholic Guilds. Then a worker began as an apprentice, went to an assistant journeyman, journeyman to master and his own little business. There were many private little shops such as—cobblers, locksmiths, gunsmiths, art-shops, etc. But they had laws to protect these little owners; vigorous regulations which made secure their property and enabled them to pass it on to their heirs. There were Catholic Guilds in those True Middle Ages which worked to this end. The law was based on the principles of Christ—the philosophy of St. Thomas of Aquin. It safeguarded the inherent rights of man to a just living and made secure the family unit—the core of our Christian civilization. A most important factor—they had economic freedom as well as political freedom.

To Use Their Power

The Unions, though puzzled, have taken a step forward politically. They plan to use their power to influence legislation beneficial to all citizens, by placing their vote behind the legislator who supports—not the laborer alone, not the business man alone, but the general welfare.

Some labor unions may be pink, but even they admire Robert Wagner—the greatest labor benefactor America has ever known and a Catholic. These Unions need direction—let's give it to them!

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

cannot assist at it every day... why not read the Proper of the Mass of each day? Even that will change us daily more into the likeness of Christ. And isn't that what we were born for?

Then take Meditation. Religated now to monasteries and convents, this lovely spiritual exercise belongs to us... to everyone in the world. The poor and the rich, the learned and unlearned... Consider. You were out with the boy friend yesterday... and I bet you any money that this morning on the way to work... you thought over every little word, gesture of his. Well, meditation is just like that... ONE THINKS OVER EVERY LITTLE WORD (OR GESTURE) CHRIST SAID OR MADE. The Our Father alone will give us enough material for meditation for a life time. Nor must there be any special place for it. You can "do it" while planting herbs... sweeping a floor... riding a street car. As you do this daily... the mind of Christ will become yours... little by little... and your likeness to Him grow faster and faster.

And now take Contemplation. At the mere mention of

this austere word, even the learned think of hanging on chandeliers. Levitation is the word for that exercise. The unlearned just leave it all to priests, monks, and nuns. And yet contemplation belongs to all. All practice it often. See that mother holding her sleeping child in her arms... CONTEMPLATING IT... LOVING IT. Look... over there on that park bench... those two lovers who have run out of words. Holding hands, LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER. That is contemplation... that is all there is to it. Try it sometime. Drop into any Catholic Church for a few minutes. Sit yourself down. Look at the Lord. LOVE HIM... and let Him look at you. He already loves you... and He is SO glad to see you sitting there. He has been waiting long for you.

Daily mass, meditation, contemplation... so simple... so easy... belonging to all... will make us fragrant before the Lord... healing to our sick brethren in Christ... colorful-bringing color happiness and joy to the world. Oh let us try them... and taste His peace... that no one will ever be able to take away from us.

Yes, definitely, some day I will write an article on herbs. There is so much more to them than meets the eye!

Rural Delivery

"We received Restoration to-day. It was much welcome. I notice this is a sort of 'Family paper' written by Eddie and you mostly... but then there are few people to whom youth would go for real Catholic low down than to you two... you have it and no mistake."—V. B., St. Louis, Mo.

Yes Virgil, you are darn right. It is still a family affair. But give us time, friend. Give us time, and we will extend "the family," we hope, to all that is best in Canada and the U.S.A.

Your paper fills a great need in Canada. Congratulations. I hope that you will plug the primary social principles of the Church. For this is the century of revolutions... and what we need is a CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION that brings the social principles of the Gospels back into men's minds. Keep up the great work. — Louis H., Saskatoon, Sask.

I have received a copy of your paper, Restoration. It was like a fresh wind chasing away a stagnant atmosphere. You will never know what it meant to me and mine... I hope you will be kind enough to keep sending it to me even though I can't send you any money.—E. Salget, Germany.

I know very little of Friendship House or its works, only what I have read in general Catholic publications. So when I picked up RESTORATION the other day and began to read through it, it was surely a pleasant surprise and something I have been hoping and praying for this long while. If later issues of your paper are as refreshing and vivid as the first you will be one of the best Catholic papers in Canada.—A Seminarian.

Did you get the four subscriptions I sent you? Some fellows said that now that they have seen the paper they will take it for sure as they are wild about it.—R. J. Reinhart, Mt. Calvary, Wis.

Please explain to me what is meant by the Rural Apostolate of the Church. I have lived all my life in the country and never heard of it.—A. L., Manitoba.

We will Ann, we will... in a long article someday soon.

Your new paper RESTORATION came this week and I read it right through and felt it deserved a word of approval and the management a word of congratulation.—Rev. T. Foran, Alta.

Please send me a yearly subscription to RESTORATION. I read every line of your last issue along with several others and was quite taken by it.—A Seminarian.

FROM A READER'S LETTER

Think of stepping on shore and finding it heaven; Think of grasping a hand and finding it God's; Think of breathing new air and finding it celestial. Think of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality; Think of passing from storm and tempest into an unknown calm; Think of waking and finding you are home!

—Anon.

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